

Production No. 9F08

The Simpsons

"LISA'S FIRST WORD"

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TABLE DRAFT

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NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"LISA'S FIRST WORD"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MAGGIE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
HOMER'S BRAIN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
HOWARD COSELL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
KRUSTY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
NED FLANDERS.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MAUDE FLANDERS.....PAMELA HAYDEN
TOD FLANDERS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
ROD FLANDERS.....PAMELA HAYDEN
POLICE CHIEF WIGGUM.....DAN CASTELLANETA
APU.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SIDESHOW BOB.....DAN CASTELLANETA
IRISH LADY.....YEARDLEY SMITH
ITALIAN LADY.....PAMELA HAYDEN
REALTOR.....DAN CASTELLANETA
DIRECTOR.....DAN CASTELLANETA

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AD MAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
FEMALE MESSENGER.....PAMELA HAYDEN
WORKER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BOY.....PAMELA HAYDEN
KIDS.....PAMELA/NANCY/YEARDLEY
CLOWN BED.....DAN CASTELLANETA
ANNOUNCER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
FEMALE ANNOUNCER.....PAMELA HAYDEN
OLD WOMAN.....YEARDLEY SMITH
KOREAN GYMNAST.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BRITISH SPORTSCASTER....DAN CASTELLANETA

LISA'S FIRST WORD

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The FAMILY is gathered around MAGGIE.

MARGE

Maggie, can you say ba-ba? Can you
say Ma-ma?

BART

Can you say "get bent"?

MARGE

Bart!

BART

Mr. Rogers says it all the time.

MARGE

He does not.

BART

Sure he does. Like when Mr. McFeely
asked him for a lift to the airport.

HOMER

Maggie, can you say "daddy"? Dad-dy?

BART

LISA

MARGE

"Eat my shorts"?

"Melancholia"?

"Ba-by"?

The family continues to coax Maggie into talking. Maggie
starts to open her mouth -- the family goes quiet.

MAGGIE

(BURP)

HOMER

Did you hear that? She said
"burlap."

MARGE

No, she didn't. Maggie, when are you
going to talk?

LISA

Well, don't push her. Remember, "Tis
better to remain silent and be
thought a fool than to open your
mouth and remove all doubt."

ON HOMER looking perplexed.

HOMER'S BRAIN (V.O.)

What does that mean? Better say
something or they'll think you're
stupid.

HOMER

Takes one to know one!

HOMER'S BRAIN (V.O.)

(PROUDLY) Swish!

MARGE

According to Fretful Mother magazine,
if Maggie doesn't talk by age one, we
should consider a corrective tongue
extender.

Marge holds up a copy of Fretful Mother magazine, featuring a woman examining her baby with a magnifying glass. The cover reads "INSIDE: 3,000,000 WARNING SIGNS".

BART

Hey, what was my first word?

Marge and Homer exchange an uncomfortable look.

MARGE

Uh, well...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - 1983

Just OFF-CAMERA, we hear Marge and Homer on the bed, GIGGLING and making SEXY NOISES. Ten-month-old Bart toddles in, wearing a diaper and sucking on a bottle.

BART

Aye carrumba!

END FLASHBACK

MARGE

(COVERING) You know, I don't think I remember...

HOMER

Marge, how could you forget? That was the only time in our marriage I... (SEEING KIDS) Oh. I don't remember either.

MARGE

But the story of Lisa's first word is very cute.

BART/LISA

Tell it, Mom.

HOMER

Yeah, tell it, Mom.

MARGE

Well, this story begins in that
unforgettable spring of 1983: A
young Joe Piscopo taught us how to
laugh... a third "Star Wars" movie...
anything seemed possible in those
days. Before Lisa was born, we lived
in a tiny apartment on the Lower East
side of Springfield.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

SUPER: SPRINGFIELD 1983

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE OF SPRINGFIELD - DAY

Nostalgic **MUSIC PLAYS** over a SWEEPING PAN of an old-
fashioned ethnic neighborhood (clothesline between
buildings, fruit peddlers, etc.). Immigrant urchins in
knickers and cloth caps sit on the curb. A BOY walks up to
a group of KIDS.

BOY

Youse guys wanna play stickball?

KIDS

(BROOKLYN ACCENT) Soitenly. Sure.

(ETC.)

They run over to a large video game, labelled **STICKBALL™**.
Next to it are **MUMBLETY PEG™**, and **KICK THE CAN™**.

PAN to Marge on the front steps of a tenement, holding BABY BART. She talks with several neighborhood LADIES.

MARGE

Did you girls watch the last episode
of M*A*S*H*?

IRISH LADY

That Mike Farrell really boils my
p'tata.

ITALIAN LADY

I miss-a da Klinger already.

OFF-CAMERA, we HEAR Homer coming home from work.

HOMER

(SINGING) When the working day is
done/ Girls just wanna have fu-un/
That's all we really want...

BART

Homer!

Bart jumps off Marge's lap and toddles down the street to greet Homer. Homer still has some hair and weighs a trim 180 pounds.

HOMER

(CHUCKLING) Homer is what grown ups
call me. Call me Daddy.

BART

Homer.

HOMER

Daddy.

BART

Homer.

HOMER

(FROWNING) Daddy.

BART

Da... da... da...

HOMER

Ye-esss...

BART

Domer. (LAUGHS)

HOMER

Why you little...

Homer chokes Bart.

MONTAGE

of 1983 Homer, Marge and Bart doing things together.

MUSIC: "GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN"

1) The family laughs at a Punch and Judy show. Bart imitates Judy by WHACKING Homer with his bottle, hard.

2) The family dines out at a neighborhood Italian restaurant. Bart is covered with spaghetti and sauce. PAN OVER to Homer, who is also covered with spaghetti and sauce.

3) Bart hangs naked, upside-down by his legs on the clothesline. He swings around like a gymnast, five stories above the alley. Homer and Marge frantically reel him in.

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Homer and Bart are playing in the Simpsons' cramped studio apartment. Homer grabs Bart's nose then sticks his thumb between his two fingers.

HOMER

Heh, heh. Got your nose.

BART

Got your wallet.

He pulls Homer's wallet out of his pocket. Homer runs after him, **GROWLING**. Bart tosses the wallet down the toilet and **FLUSHES** it.

HOMER

Nooo! Bart, what if there had been
money in there?

Bart pushes Homer's nose.

BART

Beep.

Homer **GROWLS**.

HOMER

(UNDER BREATH) I... hate... kids.

Marge enters, excited.

MARGE

Homer... what if I told you there's
going to be twice as much love in
this house as there is now?

HOMER

We're gonna start doin' it in the
morning?

MARGE

(FIRMLY) No. Homie, we're going to
have another baby.

HOMER

(SWEETLY) Marge that's...

Homer turns and sees Bart standing by the toilet with Homer's keys in his hand. He drops them in the toilet and **FLUSHES** it.

BART

Bye, keys.

While Homer holds his head in his hands and MOANS:

MARGE

Hear that, Bart? You're going to
have a little brother or sister to
play with!

Bart thinks this over.

BART'S FANTASY

1) We see Bart scribbling on the wall with a crayon. The baby (NOT LISA) looks on. Marge walks up.

MARGE

Who did this?

BART

(POINTING WITH THUMB) Baby.

MARGE

Bad baby!

Marge picks up the baby and exits.

BART (CONT'D)

Heh, heh, heh.

2) Bart leans a board against the baby, forming a crude ramp which he zips over on his Bigwheel.

3) Bart spills some milk. He looks nervous, then grabs the baby and uses it to wipe up the milk.

END FANTASY

Bart makes a PLEASED NOISE.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MARGE

I'm afraid we're going to need a bigger place.

HOMER

No, we won't. I've got it all figured out. The baby can have Bart's crib and Bart can sleep in the car.

MARGE

That sounds dangerous.

HOMER

Marge, if there's any problem he can honk the horn.

ON MARGE'S LOOK:

MARGE (V.O.)

That afternoon, we left Bart with my sisters and went househunting.

INT. PATTY AND SELMA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Homer and PREGNANT MARGE hand Bart over to the SISTERS. After they exit, Patty waves a dollar in Bart's face.

PATTY

Hey, Bart, want a dollar? (BART REACHES FOR IT) Uh, uh, uh, you know what I want to hear.

BART

(SINGS, WITH GESTURES) I'm a little
teapot, short and stout/ This is my
handle/ This is my spout... (PICKS UP
TEMPO, SNAPS FINGERS) The itsy-bitsy
spider went up the water spout,
etc...

PATTY

Oh yeah.

SELMA

Love that spout medley.

EXT. REALTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A sign reads, "STINKING FISH REALTY -- With A Name This
Bad, We've Got To Be Good!" The logo is a dead fish with
stink lines coming from it.

INT. REALTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Marge and Homer meet with a REALTOR in a yellow blazer.

REALTOR

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, the only houses
I have in your price range are in the
neighborhood colorfully referred to
as the "Rat's Nest."

MARGE

Isn't that kind of a rough area?

REALTOR

Don't worry...

He opens his blazer, revealing a shoulder holster.

REALTOR (CONT'D)

I'm packing.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Marge and Homer lie on the floor as the Realtor **KNOCKS** out a pane of glass and engages in a **SHOOT-OUT**.

REALTOR

(AS HE SHOOTS) Did you check out that closet space? And it's only three blocks from the school!

He tosses Homer and Marge each a gun.

REALTOR (CONT'D)

You cover the colonial kitchen... you take the spacious back porch.

INT. ANOTHER HOUSE - DAY

It looks nice. The Realtor holds a handkerchief over his nose as he talks and points out the house's selling points.

REALTOR

(MUFFLED, LIGHTLY) Now, here we have beautiful hardwood floors, track lighting...

MARGE

(SNIFFS) What's that stench?

She opens some curtains, revealing a giant "RENDERING PLANT" next door.

REALTOR

Once you get used to the smell of melted hog fat, you'll wonder how you ever did without it.

HOMER

Mmmm. Hog fat.

MARGE

Let's keep looking.

INT. RENDERING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

TWO WORKERS are stirring a fuming cauldron. In a background window, Homer walks by.

WORKER

(WISEGUY VOICE, WRINKLES NOSE) Ew.

Do you smell something?

INT. ANOTHER HOUSE - DAY

The house is on fire.

REALTOR

(TO HOMER AND MARGE) I'm not gonna lie to you. This one's a fixer-upper.

INT. YET ANOTHER HOUSE - DAY

It's filled with hundreds of CATS.

HOMER

Once we get these cats out of the way it won't be too bad.

REALTOR

Actually, according to the will, the cats own the house. You'd be their tenants.

A cat pokes its head out of Marge's hair and **HISSES.**

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

LISA

I wish we lived in the kitty house.

BART

I could have trained them to be my
unholy army of the night. (EVILLY)
Go my pretties... kill, kill!

MARGE

We were about to give up, when we
found a house that was perfect...
with one exception.

BART

It was built over the portal of hell?

MARGE

No. It cost too much.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - 1983 - DAY

Marge and Homer stand in the new unfurnished Simpson home.

MARGE

This is just right for us! Imagine
what we can do with this place.

Homer looks at the living room. He imagines it furnished
only with a couch and a TV on a crate.

HOMER (V.O.)

Wow.

BACK TO SCENE

HOMER

(TO REALTOR) How much? How much?

REALTOR

(HANDS HOMER A CARD) Here's what
they're asking.

HOMER

(MOANS) I can't afford that!

MARGE

(RUNNING IN) Oh my God, the oven
clock works!

HOMER

Forget it, Marge, it's too expensive.
Let's go.

Marge bites her lip and runs out, fighting tears. Homer
MOANS and turns to the Realtor.

HOMER

(FRIENDLY ADVICE) Y'know, if you
keep showing people houses out of
their price range, they might wind up
spending more money than they
planned.

REALTOR

Really? Hm. I'll keep that in mind.

INT. GRAMPA'S HOUSE - 1983 - NIGHT.

Homer and GRAMPA sit at the kitchen table.

HOMER

Dad, I have a problem.

GRAMPA

Why'd ya' come to me? I don't know anything. I used to get by on my looks. Now they're gone -- withered away like an old piece of fruit.

(SOBS)

HOMER

Are you done?

GRAMPA

No, not yet. (SADLY) I was voted the handsomest boy in Albany, New York.

(SNIFFLES)

HOMER

Dad, I don't need advice, I need money.

GRAMPA

(BRIGHTENING) You do? Well, that I got. Here. Take, take.

Grampa tosses some bills at Homer.

HOMER

(A LITTLE EMBARRASSED) Actually, I need \$20,000 to buy a house.

GRAMPA

Well, all I own is this house,
(DRAMATICALLY) that I built with my own two hands.

Grampa holds up his hands.

HOMER

I thought you bought it from the
Johannessens.

GRAMPA

(STERN) Do you want the money or not?

HOMER

(SCARED) Yes, daddy.

GRAMPA

All right. I'll sell this dump and
write you a check.

HOMER

Dad, you've given me two great gifts.
The first was my life, and now the
second is a home for my family. I'd
be honored if you came to live with
us.

GRAMPA

(QUIETLY) Thank you.

They embrace.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - THE PRESENT

LISA

(TEARY) What a beautiful moment.

BART

So, how long before you got sick of
Grampa and stuck him in the old folks
home?

HOMER

About three weeks. Anyway, I'll
never forget the day we closed the
deal...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - 1983

The Realtor slaps a "SOLD" sticker on the "FOR SALE" sign
and hands Homer the keys. Marge holds Bart; she's really
showing. Homer strikes a defiant pose as we HEAR the THEME
FROM "EXODUS".

MARGE

Our very own home. It's like they
made it just for us.

HOMER

At last, Homer Simpson is an
individual!

As Homer BOOMS these words to the heavens, PULL WIDE to
reveal acres and acres of identical tract houses.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Lisa is trying to get Maggie to talk. She points to various objects in the room.

LISA

C'mon Maggie, I know you can talk.

(POINTING) Dog-gy... Mag-gie... Cob-webs... Un-paid-bills...

BART

Maybe there's a string on her back we can pull.

Bart rummages around on Maggie's back.

BART (CONT'D)

Hello, what's this?

Bart pulls a thread and one sleeve of Maggie's shirt unravels from the cuff up.

HOMER

Now, where were we in our story?

BART

Mom was knocked-up and you just threw all our money down this sink hole.

HOMER

Ah yes. I remember the day we moved in...

MARGE

I think the hardest thing for your father was carrying me over the threshold.

HOMER

I'll say. You weighed a ton!

MARGE

(COLDLY) That's what I was implying.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - 1984

It's moving day. Homer **GRUNTS** as he carries Marge, who is six months pregnant, over the threshold.

MARGE

This is just like our wedding day.

HOMER

No, that time you were only five months pregnant.

Two-year-old Bart unhappily looks around at his new surroundings.

BART'S POV

From his perspective, the stairs look like Mount Everest.

BART

Too big.

MARGE

(PATS STOMACH) Honey, we had to move to a bigger house to make room for your little sister.

BART

Hey, Homer. This house sucks.

HOMER

Bart, I told you not to use that word. Call me "Daddy."

BART

(SNOTTY) Homer. Nyahhh.

As Homer chokes Bart, NED FLANDERS and two-year-old TOD FLANDERS appear at the open front door. Ned wears a t-shirt reading "USFL FEVER -- HAVE IT!" and carries a box under his arm.

FLANDERS & TOD

(MUNCHKIN SONG) We welcome you to
the neighborhood / Sing fa la la la
la la la la la la la...

TOD

Fa la la la la la la!

FLANDERS

Buenos dias, neighboritos. The
handle's Flanders, but my friends
call me Ned.

HOMER

(UNEXCITED) Hi, Flanders.

PAN DOWN to Tod, smiling at Bart.

BART

Who the Hell are you?

TOD

My name's Tod. Will you be my
friend?

Tod hugs Bart. Bart shoves Tod.

TOD (CONT'D)

(ON HIS BACK) You're funny!

(LAUGHS)

FLANDERS

If you need anything, just give a
whistle.

The box under Flanders' arm is labelled "TV TRAY." Homer
points to it.

HOMER

I could use a TV tray.

FLANDERS

(TAKEN ABACK) Well, gee, I just this
minute bought it at the hardware
st... Sure, you can borrow it for a
little while.

Flanders hands over the tray.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Homer fondly pats the TV tray.

HOMER

And that "little while" is now eight
years and counting.

WHIP PAN out the window to the Flanders' house.

INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ned is eating as he watches TV. Dishes and glasses are
precariously balanced on his knees. A glass topples and
BREAKS on the floor.

FLANDERS

Whoopsie-daisy. Better get the mop.

MAUDE

Ned, why don't you ask Homer to give
back your TV tray --

FLANDERS

Come on, Maude, I don't want to
insult ol' Homie. I mean, that'd be
like accusing him of stealing.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

Heh heh. The perfect crime.

MARGE

Anyway, Bart had just entered the
"terrible twos."

BART

(NOSTALGIC) I did my best work then.
Now I'm just coasting.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - 1984

A weary, very pregnant Marge is lying on the bed with a
washcloth over her head. Bart enters, **BANGING A POT.**

BART

(SINGING TOO LOUD) I am so great / I
am so great / Everybody loves me / I
am so great...

MARGE

Bart, could you please be quiet?

BART

(CONTINUES BANGING AND SINGING
LOUDLY) Quiet, Biet, Diet, Ziet,
Fiet...

MARGE

Bart, get out!

Bart looks hurt.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart trudges into the living room, where Homer is watching TV.

HOMER (V.O.)

It's not easy to juggle a pregnant
wife and a troubled child, but
somehow I managed to fit in eight
hours of TV a day.

ON TV

We see an Itchy and Scratchy cartoon entitled "100-YARD GASH." CATS of many nations line up for the start of the race, with SCRATCHY representing the USA. ITCHY lowers the starter's pistol and **SHOOTS** all the cats. They crawl and limp to the finish line, leaving trails of blood. Scratchy wins, and accepts the gold medal. A tear of joy runs down his cheek as the **NATIONAL ANTHEM** is played and the American flag is raised. Itchy presses a dynamite plunger and blows the victory stand and the medal winners to bits. The message comes up: "GOOD LUCK TO OUR ATHLETES from Itchy & Scratchy, Official Animated Cat and Mouse Team of the 1984 Olympics."

BACK TO SCENE

Bart and Homer **LAUGH** at the screen.

ON TV

Krusty runs into frame, carrying an Olympic torch. He hands it to SIDESHOW BOB, whose hair catches on fire. Sideshow Bob runs off **SCREAMING**.

KRUSTY

Heyyy, kids! Summer's just around
the corner, and Krusty Burger is the
official meat-flavored sandwich of
the 1984 Olympics!

Sideshow Bob staggers by, completely engulfed in flames.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

BART

Krusty funny.

HOMER

(DISDAINFUL) Duh.

ON TV

Krusty walks over to a Krusty Burger set. A handsome,
clean-cut Krusty Burger EMPLOYEE hands him a gamecard.

KRUSTY

It's all part of our Krusty Burger
Olympic Sweepstakes. Just scratch
off the name of the Olympic event on
your gamecard...

Krusty casually produces a huge switchblade and does this.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

... and if America wins a gold medal,
you win a free Krustyburger!

Krusty hands the employee his gamecard. The employee hands
him a Krustyburger. Krusty starts eating it.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

Mmm... Mmm... Mmm!

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Cut!

The studio lights come on. CREW MEMBERS walk around the stage. Krusty immediately **SPITS OUT** the burger.

KRUSTY

Gah! I almost swallowed some of the
juice.

A STAGEHAND hands him a liquor drink, which he immediately drains.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

Uhh. I'm going to be tasting that
for weeks.

An ADMAN in a suit walk up to Krusty.

AD MAN

Great spot, K.C.!

KRUSTY

Put a sock in it, preppy. How many
free burgers is this gonna cost me?

AD MAN

Taking into account the Eastern
Bloc's superiority in masking urine
tests and our own nation's diminished
commitment to excellence, we project
a payout of less than one-tenth of
one percent.

KRUSTY

I like, I like.

FEMALE MESSENGER

This just came over the wires, Mr. K.

She hands Krusty a memo.

KRUSTY

(SCANNING) Uh huh... Soviet
boycott... U.S. unopposed in most
events... how does this affect our
give-away?

AD MAN

Hm. This could put a little sand in
our trunks. Let's see...

He punches numbers into a calculator.

AD MAN (CONT'D)

You personally stand to lose 44
million dollars.

KRUSTY

(UNHAPPY NOISE)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TOP OF THE STAIRS

Homer and Bart kneel at the top of the stairs. Homer is
holding a Slinky.

HOMER

Son, these stairs aren't scary --
they're fun! Now, this is a Slinky.
Give it a push, and it'll gracefully
walk down the stairs.

Homer gives the Slinky a push. As usually happens, it
stalls immediately. Bart reaches for it, loses his
balance, and tumbles **YELLING** down the stairs, end-over-end
like Slinkys are supposed to.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT

Bart desperately clings to his crib as Homer tries to pry him off.

MARGE

Bart, from now on, the baby sleeps in the crib. Your father built you a new bed.

BART

Crib! Crib! I'm a baby!

HOMER

I know how to handle this. Just use a little reverse psychology.

(DIRECTED AT BART) Let's go, Marge.

Leave the baby with his little crib.

Homer and Marge walk out of the room. Bart does not let go. Homer runs back in **GROWLING** and furiously **TUGS** at Bart.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - NIGHT

All we see is black:

HOMER (V.O.)

Well boy, here's where you'll be sleeping from now on.

Homer **FLICKS** on the light. Beside a box reading, "KRUSTY BRAND CLOWN BED" is a huge, hideous clown bed. The clown's face is amateurish and grotesque, with big black circles for eyes and flaring black nostrils. The clown's arms act as sideboards, reaching around the bed.

BART

(SCREAMS)

Bart runs out.

HOMER

(OBLIVIOUS) He's going to tell his
little friends.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bart lies shivering in a terrified little ball under the
giant clown.

BART'S POV

The clown comes to menacing life.

CLOWN BED

If you should die before you wake...

(RIDDLER-TYPE LAUGH)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

The family is eating Krustyburgers in front of the TV, from
which we hear the familiar "OLYMPIC THEME". Bart is
shivering and has dark circles under his eyes.

BART

(HALF-MAD) Can't sleep... Clown'll
eat me... Can't sleep... Clown'll
eat me...

ON TV

FEMALE OLYMPIC SWIMMERS stand on their blocks. The USA
women lean forward in a purposeful crouch. The others look
around, puzzled by their surroundings.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(KEITH JACKSON) We are seconds away
from the 100-meter Butterfly, and
with the East German (CHUCKLES)
"women" shaving their backs 9,000
miles away, the Americans are heavy
favorites.

ANGLE ON HOMER

We see he is getting a bit of a belly, which he rests his gamecard on.

MARGE

You don't have to eat all those
burgers just because they're free.

HOMER

Marge, you're 9 months pregnant, your
hormones are going crazy -- I'll just
let that comment pass.

ON TV

The GUN SOUNDS. The American women dive in and swim
speedily away. The other swimmers jump in feet-first and
flail helplessly, trying to stay afloat.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And the Americans jump out to an
early lead.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Although, we should point out that
many of the other women represent
countries that don't have swimming
pools.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(SARCASTIC) Boo hoo! You're
breaking my heart.

ANGLE - HOMER

His excitement is growing.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It's a clean sweep for the USA! Oh
my darlin', looks like we got a new
California gold rush.

HOMER

Whoo hoo! Krustyburger, here I come!

Marge suddenly clutches her stomach.

MARGE

(IN LABOR) Homer... I think it's
time.

HOMER

(LOOKING AT TICKET) I'll say it is.

He runs out.

MARGE

(CONCERNED MURMUR)

EXT. FLANDERS HOUSE - DAY

Ned Flanders holds Bart on the front porch. Homer is
lugging a suitcase and helping Marge into the car.

HOMER (V.O.)

We took your mother to the hospital
and dumped Bart off at Cornball
Junction.

The car **PULLS AWAY.**

FLANDERS

So, kids, what do you want to play?

ROD & TOD

Good Samaritan!

INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CLOSE UP - "GOOD SAMARITAN" GAMEBOARD

Dice land on the board, which shows a winding path through the desert from JERUSALEM to JERICHO. A hand moves a biblical figure playing token several squares. WIDEN OUT to show Bart, Tod, and five-year-old Rod wearing towels wrapped around their heads, like burnooses. Bart looks bored and sullen as Rod draws a card and reads it.

ROD

I get to clothe the leper.

TOD

Lucky!

MAUDE

Suppertime, boys.

ROD

Oh boy! Liver!

TOD

Iron helps us play!

BART

(TO SELF) I want to go home.

He looks out the window at his house and sees the scary clown bed.

BART (CONT'D)

No I don't.

INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - BOYS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bart shares a small bed with Tod, who **SINGS** in his sleep, keeping Bart awake. (NOTE: This is a real Sunday school song.)

TOD

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, Acts
and a Letter to the Romans, First and
Second Corinthians, Galatians and
Ephesians...

Bart gets out of bed and heads for the bathroom.

INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - HALLWAY

Bart walks gingerly down the hall, scared in this dark and unfamiliar place. He turns a corner and **BUMPS** into a toothless old **CRAZYWOMAN**.

OLD WOMAN

(TO BART) Paw! Can ye help me with
my sums?

Bart gives a **TERRIFIED YELL**. Flanders appears in his pajamas and nightcap and **CLICKS** on the lights.

FLANDERS

Oh Bart, you met Grandma Flanders.
Hope she didn't scare you.

OLD WOMAN

(TO NED) Hello, Joe!

Bart is white as a sheet and **HYPER-VENTILATING**.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Bart sits on the floor outside the nursery. Faces and voices swim through his head:

MARGE

TOD

CLOWN BED

From now on the Iron helps us play. (RIDDLER LAUGH)
baby sleeps in
the crib.

The door opens and Homer leans out.

HOMER

(GENTLY) Bart, there's someone in
here who wants to meet you.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Marge, looking beautiful, sits in a rocking chair by the window, holding a swaddled bundle. A ray of sunlight bathes the scene with a gentle light. **TENDER MUSIC** plays as Bart slowly approaches.

Marge leans down and reveals tiny NEWBORN LISA. Lisa **YAWNS**, stretches, opens her eyes, makes a little **COOING NOISE** and gives Bart a sleepy smile. Cutest thing you ever saw.

MARGE

Well, Bart, what do you think of
little Lisa?

Bart looks at her for a beat.

BART

(QUIETLY) I hate you.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE PRESENT

Marge shows Bart and Lisa a yellowed newspaper.

MARGE

I saved this newspaper from the day
Lisa was born.

LISA

(READS HEADLINE) "Mondale to Hart:
Where's the Beef?"

BART

"Where's the beef?" What the hell is
that supposed to mean?

MARGE

It was a catchphrase that swept the
nation like a storm.

LISA

Why?

MARGE

(SHRUGS) Those were simpler times.

Homer enters and sees the headline.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) "Where's the beef?" No
wonder he won Minnesota.

MARGE

Everyone agreed that Lisa was a
beautiful baby...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - 1984

Patty and Selma are waiting to see Lisa. Marge enters with a bassinet.

MARGE

Here she is!

Marge sets the bassinet on the table. The sisters crowd in.

LISA'S POV

The sisters loom overhead. The cigarettes in their mouths have about two inches of ash and waggle dangerously. Smoke blows out of their mouths.

LISA (V.O.)

(BABY COUGH)

SELMA

Isn't that cute -- she's coughing.

PATTY

Aw. I'm gonna give her a kiss.

Patty puckers up and leans into frame. Her face looks hideous in a fisheye effect. As she moves closer we can see many hairs on her face.

BACK TO SCENE

Patty has kissed Lisa. A giant lipstick smudge covers half of Lisa's face. Bart stands off to the side, ignored.

BART

I know a new song.

PATTY

(COLDLY) You still here?

BART

Allouetty, jaunty allouetty,
allouetty... (LOSES PLACE) ...
Allouetty, jaunty allouetty, etc...

PATTY

(WAY TOO HARSH) You already sang
that part!

SELMA

The older they get, the cuter they
ain't. Hey, the baby just spit up!

They lean over the bassinet, making a fuss.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Homer and Marge are on the couch. Homer is eating a Krustyburger, and is surrounded by empty cartons. He's really starting to look fat.

ON TV

A BLACK U.S. BOXER dances over his KO'd opponent, who has delicate features and long flaxen hair.

HOWARD COSELL (V.O.)

The American Drederick Tatum does a
triumphant turkey trot over the
supine Swede. One's thoughts turn to
Alexander of Macedon's victory over
the Persians at Granicus and Issus.

CLOSE UP - HOMER'S GAME CARD

The scratched-off event is "HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING."

HOMER

(EXCITED) Who's he fighting in the
final?

Marge checks the newspaper.

MARGE

(ZHEEL-BARE) Gilbert Poussé of
France.

INT. KRUSTYBURGER - DAY

Homer stands at the counter with WIGGUM, who also has a game card.

HOMER/WIGGUM

U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!...

They look fondly at their winning game cards.

HOMER

Good ol' France -- punching bag of
the world.

WIGGUM

Carl Lewis, I could kiss you.

(KISSES TICKET)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Homer is watching TV. Marge is holding Lisa and HUMMING to her. Bart watches Marge.

BART

I wanna hold the baby. I wanna hold
the baby.

MARGE

I'm sorry, Bart, you're too little.

HOMER

Here, Bart, you can hold my beer.

Bart starts drinking the beer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Get your own beer!

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

I mean... don't drink beer at all!

Dejected, Bart leaves the room.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(KEITH JACKSON) Welcome back to the
final day coverage of this, the 23rd
Olympiad. Brought to you by
Krustyburger...

ON TV

Krusty is at the end of his rope. He puffs on a butt.

KRUSTY

You people are pigs!

Krusty pulls out a loaded gun and starts to aim it at his
head.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

Eat one more burger and I'll be
eating lead! (WAVING GUN) This
thing don't say "Bang" on a flag!

Two TV technicians wrestle the gun from Krusty. He
collapses, head in hands, **CRYING**.

ANGLE - HOMER

He **CHUCKLES** and checks his ticket. The sport is
"BADMINTON."

ON TV

ANNOUNCER

In a moment, we'll look at the
courageous performance this afternoon
of Korean gymnast Kim Tsu, who made a
perfect dismount on what was later
revealed to be a broken leg.

Cut to a tape of a KOREAN GYMNAST on the rings. he does a
spinning dismount to a perfect, arms-raised landing.

KOREAN GYMNAST

(ON IMPACT)

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
auuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuugggggggggg....

Cut back to the anchorman:

ANNOUNCER

(CHUCKLING) But first, let's go to
the medal ceremony for one of the
many odd, unpopular sports that form
the heart of the Olympic Games:
badminton.

ANGLE - HOMER

HOMER

Please, please, please, please...

ON TV

A BRITISH SPORTSCASTER reports from the badminton arena.
In the background, APU is on the medal stand, flanked by
TWO AMERICANS. The PAKISTANI NATIONAL ANTHEM is PLAYING.

BRITISH SPORTSCASTER

The Americans seemed headed for yet
another gold medal, when they ran
into a Hindu hurricane named Apu
Nahasapeemapetilan.

We see footage of Apu smashing shuttlecocks past
overmatched opponents, then a clip from a taped interview.

SUPER: APU NAHASAPEEMAPETILAN
Gold Medal - Pakistan

APU

America. I have tasted your freedoms
and nightlife and found them most
tantalizing. To stay here, I'd be
willing to work twenty-four hours a
day.

Krusty runs out and hugs him.

KRUSTY

I'll get you that green card if I
have to marry you myself.

APU

Such a beneficent clown!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Baby Lisa lies in her crib, her eyes almost closed.

HOMER

(LULLABY) When there's something
strange/ In the neighborhood/ Who ya
gonna call/ (WHISPERS) Ghostbusters.

Homer shuts the door as he exits revealing Bart, who was
standing behind it.

BART

(SLIGHTLY CRAZED) Hello, Lisa. So
nice to see you.

He pulls out a pair of scissors and **SNIPS** them in the air.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NURSERY - LATE AFTERNOON

Marge enters.

MARGE

Lisa, time for your feed -- (SCREAMS)

Bart has wrapped a sheet around Lisa's neck and cut off all her hair.

BART

We're playing barber!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - LATER

Bart sits in a chair facing the wall. Lisa, wearing a little baby hat with bear-ears, looks up at him. Bart ignores her.

BART

(GRUMBLING) Not my fault. Some man
did it.

Marge and Homer watch from the doorway. Marge looks worried.

MARGE

Bart is so resentful of the new baby.

HOMER

(REASSURING) I was the same way when
it happened to me: stamping, whining,
screaming for attention...

MARGE

(PUZZLED) You were an only child.

HOMER

I meant when Bart was born.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

Bart is trying to shove a somewhat older Lisa into the mailbox. She is covered in stamps.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

Bart is in his chair facing the wall.

BART

(GRUMBLING) Stupid mailman... squeal
on me...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

Marge, holding two plates of chicken bones, operates the trashcan foot-lever. The lid pops up and Lisa pokes her head out, covered with trash and GURGLING happily.

MARGE

Bart!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

Bart is in his chair once more.

BART

She started it... came at me with a
pipe...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bart, now three, is building a very simple block house. He looks over at nine-month-old Lisa, who is building a block-replica of Le Corbusier's chapel at Ronchamp. Bart spitefully kicks it over.

MARGE

Bart! (FACE IN HANDS) I can't take
this anymore...

HOMER

(MAD) Boy, you get over to the corner
and you ...

Homer sees that Bart has already gotten into the chair.

HOMER (CONT'D)

... yeah.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart is shoving items into a bundle made of a diaper and a duck push-toy with a long wooden handle.

BART

(GRUMBLING) Stupid family... I'll
show them... I'm gonna go work for
Santa... make toys... that kind of
thing.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Bart takes Homer's wallet off the nightstand, and helps himself to the cash.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lisa is sleeping in the crib. Bart tucks the empty wallet under her arm.

BART

Bad baby. Mustn't steal. Heh, heh,
heh.

Lisa wakes up with a YAWN.

BART (CONT'D)

I liked it when it was me, Mom and
Homer. You wrecked everything. I'm
leaving. Goodbye. (TURNS TO GO)

LISA

Bart.

This stops Bart cold.

BART

What did you say?

LISA

Bart!

BART

Sufferin' succotash! You can talk!

He grabs her around the waist and lugs her into the living room.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BART (CONT'D)

Mom, Dad, she can talk! Say it again, Lis.

LISA

Bart. (QUICKLY) Bart Bart Bart
Bart Bart.

BART

I'm her first word!

MARGE

Well, I'm not surprised. Anyone can see she's crazy about you.

BART

She is?

MARGE

Of course. She's so happy when you shave her head, or drop her down the laundry chute. She thinks you hung the moon.

BART

Wow! (POINTS TO MARGE) Lisa, can you say "Mommy"?

LISA

(POINTS) Mommy.

BART

(POINTS TO TV GUIDE) Can you say "David Hasselhoff"?

LISA

(BLURRING WORDS) Davah Hassahoff.

HOMER

Can you say "Daddy"?

LISA

(POINTS) Homer.

HOMER

No, sweetie. (POINTS TO SELF)
"Daddy."

LISA

(POINTS) Homer.

HOMER

(POINTS, THROUGH GRITTED TEETH)
Daddy.

LISA

(LONG BEAT) Homer.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

Bart and Lisa LAUGH and they hug. They have bonded.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Bart and Lisa are YELLING and FIGHTING.

BART

I was sitting there!

LISA

I don't see your name on it.

BART

(POINTING) It's right there.

MARGE

Bart! Don't write on the rug!

Homer watches for a moment, then takes Maggie up the stairs.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

Y'know, Maggie, the sooner kids talk,
the sooner they talk back.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Homer tucks Maggie in and kisses her on the forehead.

HOMER

I hope you never say a word.

He turns out the light and exits. Maggie lies in the dark.
No one can see her.

MAGGIE

Daddy.

She goes to sleep.

FADE OUT.

THE END